

A Health to the Northamptonshire SNEAKERS.

We'll Remember the Men
That go with us again,
To Chuse Knights that can afford, Sir,
To Serve without Pension,
Or other Pretension ;
And *JUST* and *RIGHT* is the Word, Sir.

As for Those that have Pay,
We have nothing to say,
Let the Soldier Live by his Sword, Sir :
We're for Them that are known
To have Lands of their own ;
And *JUST* and *RIGHT* is the Word, Sir.

If We Chuse their Court Tools
They may well call us Fools,
Tho' a Double Saint, and a Lord, Sir :
We are sure we can Trust
Both our *RIGHT* and our *JUST* ;
And *JUST* and *RIGHT* is the Word, Sir.

The REPLY.

Here's a Health to the *Knight*
Who dares *Vote* and dares *Fight*,
To Maintain our Religion and Laws, Sir,
Against *France* and the *TACK*,
And every Mad *JACK* ;
And never will *SNEAK* from the Cause, Sir.

As for Those whom you seem
For their *Lands* to esteem,
You little can say of their Brains, Sir :
But since nothing can Taint
Our Brave Soldier and Saint ;
'Tis for these Men alone we can Answer.

Your dull Puns we slight
Of your *Just* and your *Right*,
The Burthen of *Scoundrel* Song, Sir :
Cheat us not with a Name,
For your *JUST* Ends in *SHAM* ;
And your *CART* did always go Wrong, Sir.